

# THE CINCINNATI LITERARY GAZETTE.

—NOT TO DISPLAY LEARNING, BUT TO EXCITE A TASTE FOR IT.

Vol. I.

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## REVIEW.

*An Introductory Lecture preparatory to a course of instruction on Common and Statute law, in Transylvania University. By JESSE BLEDSOE, L. L. D. Professor of Common and Statute law.*

*An Introductory to a course of lectures on History, By R. H. BISHOP, A. M. Professor of History. Transylvania University.*

WE have here two more *Athenian* lectures published at the request of the classes to which they were delivered; and it is with pleasure we lay before our readers, some notice of what the students of a great University declare to be "excellent." Our anxiety to improve the taste of our "commercial" wits, and redeem our character from its "Tyrian" degradation, would induce us to refer them to the *approved* models of a *classic* land, and in this instance, we do it with increased confidence when we have "consoling testimony" of their worth. The literature of Kentucky has until lately circulated as little in Ohio, as the notes of their Commonwealth Bank. To ascertain the cause of which precisely, our metaphysical perception is, we confess, not sufficiently acute; tho' we may mention a few of the conjectures that have been made on the subject. It has been supposed that the "Athenians" themselves were somewhat doubtful of the merit of their own productions and kept them at home from motives of prudence, but this we declare to be untrue, for we are convinced by close observation, that they have no scepticism on that point, and that they have too much philanthropy to withhold what might contribute to the instruction or amusement of the world. The surmise that we ourselves have lacked industry and perseverance to seek out the productions of our sister town, we hold to be a slander on our literary taste; and whether the last suggestion be true,—that from the surpassing excellence of Lexington in letters, their productions are of too high an order to be relished here,—that their writings are too good, as their notes are too bad, we leave our readers to determine.

The law class when applying for a copy of Dr. Bledsoe's lecture could only declare it in general terms to be "excellent," and it

doubtless was excellent, when they heard it, but not being able to foresee the manner in which it would be printed, they could not tell what estimate would be put upon its merits after publication; and as this part of the performance, so essential to its success has not been executed in a style correspondent to their anticipations, the members of the law class are to be absolved from all charge of a hasty or erroneous judgment. We have already pointed out the complaints which the professor of *Materia Medica* might with justice make of his printer, but we must in sooth declare that his wrongs in this respect are weak in comparison with those of the professor of laws. The printer has not only executed his task inelegantly, and without due regard to the minutiae of typographical display, but he has sinned grievously against the text. It is so printed, that many sentences are awkwardly constructed, while others show a total disregard to the common rules of grammar—many passages are in consequence vapid and dull; and others irrelevant and without connexion. But what we conceive to be worst of all, is, that some of the conclusions are erroneous,—a few positions, contradictory,—and many without truth.

We shall proceed to give a few examples of his negligence,—and first of the errors in grammatical construction.

"Nor is it admissable, that a state should appeal to arms, to decide a controversy, until every peaceable means of redress for [of] an injury have been exhausted in vain; & its cause such that it can be confidently submitted to heaven in its favour."—p. 9.

Have for has, and a precious confusion of pronouns.

"(Poland) fallen upon and partitioned between three stronger powers." *ib.* Between for among. Between is a dual preposition.

"Would the priests have always endeavoured to enlarge the sphere of that knowledge, they were the earliest and most assiduous to obtain—their aid—in employing the mighty engine they wielded over the human mind, would have entitled them to the gratitude of our race, as the greatest benefactors of mankind."—p. 12.

Would have is improperly used for if they had.

"That a good government or wise laws well

administered as they are the beginning, so are they the protecting arm of his progress on the road to happiness here," &c.—p. 16. This sentence is incomplete; the part in italics having no verb.

"—and it is fairly to be inferred and countenanced by early tradition, that letters are the offspring of the former."

From the improper collocation of some members of a sentence, there is sometimes conveyed a meaning which the author did not intend should be conveyed—and at other times there is difficulty in ascertaining whether he meant any thing at all. On page 7, we have this sentence:

"But surely, like other animals, his creator has imposed upon him, certain fixed laws of his existence."—p. 7.

That is, God is an animal, and like other animals, he has imposed on man fixed laws of his existence.

In page 10 we have a sentence of the same kind:—

"Would nations but consider, and not employ the energies given by the parent of the human race for the misery and destruction of his offspring, with the aids of science, man would" &c. which means literally that nations somehow employ energies which the parent of the human race has given for the misery and destruction of his offspring. But we suppose that the professor meant, that these energies which are given by the parent of the human race, for a different purpose, are employed for the destruction of his offspring. Tho' to use his own language, this meaning is not very "fairly to be countenanced by the text."

In another place it is said: "*The law of nature, then aided by the lights of revelation, is the foundation of National Law; built up it is true, by conventions and treaties amongst many nations; recognizing in cases of moral right and wrong what this foundation justifies; and sanctioned in many cases by immemorial usages of the civilized world. Utility may be said to be the foundation of right and wrong.*"—p. 8.

Now the professor is here made to say that the law of nature is built up by conventions and treaties, recognizing in cases of right and wrong what the law of nature justifies. In the next sentence we are told that Utility is the foundation of right and wrong—of course then, in cases of "moral

right and wrong" nations will be guided by utility and at the same time, their conventions will recognise in the same cases what the law of nature justifies. Whip me that compositor for such puzzling blunders, and confusion of foundations.

We will notice but one more instance of this printer's awkwardness, and that is the *twist* that is given to the definition of penalty: which is defined to be a less evil employed to prevent a greater. We consider this definition altogether wrong.—If the laws of society be violated, it is of course an evil: but the penalty inflicted is not always an evil to the same body.—It is no evil to society for a criminal to be whipped or put in the stocks, nor is it an evil to society for a man to pay a pecuniary fine for his offences against the laws.—And if it be contended that it is an evil to the culprit, we will admit it, and contend also, that the evil to the delinquent shall be considered in all cases, and the definition will still be erroneous. It is a much greater evil to the man who is deprived of his life for stealing a shilling, than it is to society that one of its members should have lost so trifling a sum. It is not then a correct definition of penalty in any relation if we term it a *less* evil employed to avoid a greater, but without any reference to the quantity of evil it is that infliction of vengeance which society deems sufficient and likely, to deter persons from violating its laws.

After devoting so much space to the consideration of the Lecture on Law we have but little to say in relation to the one on History. The topics of the latter are very common place and its language by no means elegant. There are some parts of it, which we are so unfortunate as not to comprehend.—Should any of the Junior Sophisters of Transylvania be able to ascertain how the "wandering Indians of North America bear the same relation to the Farmers of the United States, that these farmers do to the ancient Gauls and Britons," he may with propriety announce his discovery in reply to the question propounded in the lecture, "what *are* the news?"

On the whole, the character of these lectures is such that we think the students of Transylvania will find it prudent to be more cautious in soliciting copies of introductory lectures for publication. Before the commencement of the next courses they will doubtless be careful to enquire whether Mr. Tanner may have procured any types that will infallibly print good English and sound sense. If the printer shall fail thus to furnish his office, it is to be hoped that the students will solicit no more lectures for the press. Or should they be rash enough, to urge further publications, the professors themselves will doubtless be wary how they yield to "consoling testimonies," or suffer prelections to be published "as memorials of respect and interests and affections."

V.

## Symmesonian, No. 1.

HAVING been informed Mr. Editor, that your countrymen always require of every person when first introduced to them, a regular account of himself—including his name, his business, whence he came, where he is going, &c. &c. I shall commence this communication by informing you that I am desirous of concealing my name, and that all other matters concerning myself will be revealed to you in the course of several communications which I intend making. At present, I shall merely inform you whence I came, and my business here.

My country is that part of the concave surface of this sphere lately discovered by Capt. Symmes of this city, and named by him Symmesonia. I have been induced to undertake the dangerous and fatiguing journey from thence to this city, in consequence of a report by some of the red men of the north, (who have, as they say, been driven quite into the concave regions by your encroachments on their territory,) that an expedition was fitting out here under the command of Capt. Symmes, for the purpose of visiting my country. From the character given of you by your red neighbours and their accounts of your conduct toward them, very great alarm has been excited in Symmesonia; and I have been deputed to undertake the journey to this place, in order to ascertain whether the character that has been given of you is correct, and if it be, what measures can be adopted to prevent the threatened expedition of Capt. Symmes; or if this cannot be done, what will be the most judicious course for the Symmesonians to adopt in order to guard themselves from the evils with which it threatens them.

The most difficult as well as the most important part of my business is to acquire a knowledge of the character of the Americans. Of this difficulty the contradictory opinions I have formed at different times on the same subjects may serve as exemplifications. Previous to my departure from Symmesonia, I was informed & believed that the most striking characteristic of your countrymen, was the desire of possessing lands; but long before I reached your city, I found that you owned immense tracts of which no use whatever was made, and therefore, concluded that my information in this respect was entirely erroneous; in which conclusion I was confirmed by seeing how very small a part was cultivated of that which was settled. I was, however, soon driven back to my original opinions upon learning (soon after my arrival here,) that it is customary with your citizens, to buy and sell not only large tracts of land which they cannot possibly use, on earth, but also quite as large quantities in the moon, and these being more distant and not so valuable as those in Symmesonia, my fears were excited anew.

I was informed by your red neighbours that your government was in the habit of buying their lands, and paying for them principally by treaties,—things that they have no use for and know very little about, but which they consider as very dangerous articles, being liable to get broken; and when this happens, they say that you immediately send out armies to mend them by cutting the throats of those to whom they were given—a course of proceeding which altho' of a very quieting and composing nature, would not suit the taste of the Symmesonians. Since I have been among you, however, I have heard that your practice of exterminating your neighbours is a trouble you take merely from benevolence and humanity,—which is a thing I cannot yet comprehend.

I was told that an attempt had been made at a place called Zanesville, to dig a passage to Symmesonia through the earth, and first directed my course towards that place in order to ascertain whether they were likely to succeed; but before I arrived there, I was told that they were merely digging for silver;—since I arrived here, however, I have been informed that this could not have been the case, as it was impossible that so many people as live there, should be ignorant that silver is never found in such places as that where they were seeking it. Thus I am kept in a state of doubt and uncertainty, and cannot acquire the knowledge respecting your country, which I am seeking, as fast as Capt. Symmes acquires knowledge of Symmesonia, although so far distant from it. This is the reason of my opening a correspondence with you, (for I consider it necessary to keep myself concealed, lest I should be seized upon and compelled to guide those invaders to my country, whom I am endeavouring to discover the means of keeping from it;) I hope that you will enable me to obtain correct information, without wasting too much of my time in search of it.

I perceive that I have little time to lose, for the expedition to the moon which is fitting out at Lexington, is an additional subject of apprehension with me. I suppose the object of that expedition must be to look after the lands that have been purchased in that quarter; & if I am correctly informed, all that are contained in that planet, will not be sufficient to fulfil the contracts that have been made for them; those, therefore, who are disappointed in getting their supply, will naturally turn their attention to Symmesonia; the course to which country they will perceive on their route homeward.

The only circumstance that affords me any consolation is the indifference towards Capt. Symmes and his project that prevails among all classes; should this continue, I shall consider my country safe, but if otherwise, I dread the fate prepared for her.



## Letters from the West.

## LETTER I.

Pittsburgh, June 3d. 18—.

DEAR CHARLES,

If you should ever visit Pittsburgh, I hope you will not arrive there in the afternoon of a wet drizzly day, after a very fatiguing journey across the mountains, as was my case, with the additional preparation of having had no other amusement on the road but that of quarrelling with some stupid fellow passengers. Under such circumstances, I know of nothing better calculated to give a man the horrors than the aspect of this place as it first exhibits itself to his view. The air of unrestrained carelessness and slovenliness which is manifested on all hands is, to a person as sensitive as I am reputed to be in this particular, a most intolerable annoyance. Every thing we see is "redolent" (as Gray says) of filth; and the air of easy, good natured, satisfied and contented nastiness, which we have sometimes observed in the families of some of our acquaintance, is here exhibited on a scale as large as the town and its suburbs. The inhabitants attribute this to the use of mineral coal in so many manufactories and in all private families, to the exclusion of every other kind of fuel. They have adopted the comfortable belief that the evil cannot be remedied, and therefore, submit to it with Christian fortitude and resignation. A course in which I find it difficult to follow their example. I was however restored to a better humour, upon calling to see our friend A., the interior of whose dwelling singularly contrasted with the external objects, exhibiting an appearance of neatness and comfort sufficient to gratify the most fastidious, and I was received with a degree of warmth and hospitality that would have restored a fretful cockney to good humour; I have been exceedingly gratified by being introduced to several other families whose appearance and manners were equally agreeable;—so much so as to remind me very strongly of the frank, open, friendly, warm hearted manners of our friends at the south.

The unpleasant aspect of this town to a stranger, I suppose must arise from the want of a suitable police and proper public spirit, which perhaps might have arisen among them, had their prosperity continued a few years longer; but the unfortunate change in the business of the place has discouraged most of the inhabitants, and many are intending to remove.

The various methods by which they have contrived to combine in this town all the evils and inconveniences of both town and country, with a total exclusion of the peculiar comforts of either, are to me subjects of admiration. They have probably been occasioned in a great measure by an idea that this was destined to become one

of the greatest cities in the world, that therefore, it became proper to imitate other great cities as much as possible:—to imitate the evils and defects of other cities, was however, all that was in their power, and they contented themselves with making that "do for the present," intending I suppose, hereafter, to adopt the good: when this happens, there may possibly be something about the place worthy of description, but at present, their narrow dirty streets, closely built up with dark brown brick houses offer to me no greater temptations to describe than view them. I saw no public buildings that were even "barely decent"—but stop—I must not forget the two bridges; one across each of the rivers which meet here and form the Ohio. These would do credit to any town in the United States—and the sight of them gave me the first favourable impressions that I have experienced (out of doors) since my arrival. I consider good bridges as very creditable to any people, but more so, to the early settlers of a country; in the commencement of their career—I fear that Pittsburgh, altho' at so short a distance from the commencement of hers, is already on the decline—which (since I have seen her bridges,) I should be sorry for:—at the first view of the place, I thought nothing but a total decline and ruin could be hoped for—but there are many advantages possessed by this city, which must be permanent and will prevent its falling to decay. I suspect that one of the principal causes of the decline of this town has been the enormous prices at which the owners of real property have valued it.

If a town thrives in a new country, it must be, because of the ease with which poor people and those in moderate circumstances can obtain a livelihood and make themselves comfortable, and this will be as effectually prevented by high prices of town property, as of the necessities of life—a town in a new country, cannot be made to offer attractions sufficient to bring the rich to it, and therefore it is very unwise and unfortunate to have the prices of things graduated to the standard of the rich instead of the poor.

The manufactories of this place must undoubtedly flourish at some time or other, they are beginning now to revive, and the advantage this possesses as a manufacturing place will keep it alive.

I have not, however, yet seen enough of this country to prose much about it. I shall proceed on my journey in the course of two or three days, having already made arrangements for that purpose, and engaged a passage in a keel boat bound to the Mississippi. I shall write to you again before I leave Pittsburgh, and you will probably receive a letter from George by this mail, to which I refer for details of our adventures. JAMES R—

## NATURAL HISTORY.

The following articles are extracted from the Philadelphia Museum a semi-monthly publication, devoted to the Natural Sciences and the Fine Arts. A popular periodical work on these subjects has long been a desideratum: most of our works on natural history are so technical and so exclusively designed for the learned, that they rather repel than attract youthful students, and prevent a pleasing and useful science from being as extensively cultivated as its importance merits.

*Maternal affection of the Bat.*—Every fact connected with natural history, however insulated it may be, is worthy of preservation, as it tends to increase our knowledge.

Last June, the son of Mr. Gillespie keeper of the city square, caught a young red Bat, (*Vesperilio Nov-Eboracensis*, of Linnaeus) which he took home with him. Three hours afterwards, in the evening, as he was conveying it to the Museum in his hand, while passing near the place where it was caught, the mother made her appearance, followed the boy for two squares, flying around him, and finally alighted on his breast, such was her anxiety to save her offspring. Both were brought to the Museum, the young one firmly adhering to its mother's teat.

This faithful creature lived two days in the Museum, and then died of injuries received from her captor. The young one, being but half grown, was still too young to take care of itself, and died shortly after.

*Interesting facts relative to the Opossum.*—The Opossum is an animal whose general character is well known, as they are found in great numbers in various parts of our country. One of the most remarkable circumstances peculiar to these animals is, that the female is provided with a pouch, Marsupium, or false belly, capable of containing several young. The commonly received opinion is, that the little animals shortly after birth—are somehow, conveyed by the exertions of the parent, into the pouch, where they remained attached to the teat until they had acquired sufficient strength to go in or out at pleasure.

About the year 1794, Mons. De Beauvois,\* in conjunction with C. W. Peale, in Philadelphia, procured a number of Opossums, for the purpose of ascertaining the exact size of the young, when they crept as was supposed, into the pouch of the mother. In the majority of instances, the young were so large as to go in and out at will, but at length a

\* Baron PALISOT DE BEAUVOIS, who resided for a considerable time in the United States: well known to scientific naturalists by his work on the Mosses, and by his contributions to the natural history of Africa.

female Opossum was obtained with a pouch so slightly developed that it was only discoverable by the closest examination. They were greatly astonished to perceive adhering to the teats within the pouch, several embryo Opossums, not more than three fourths of an inch long. One of these was separated gently and without injury, and immediately afterwards carefully re-applied to the teat; but no effort could re-attach it, none of them at this period having any appearance of life.—In eight or ten days from the first examination, when they manifested signs of strength and motion, they might be separated and would again apply themselves. As soon as they became able to walk, they would pass in and out of the pouch of their own accord.

In the year 1815, while proprietor of the Baltimore Museum, I received an Opossum having nine young ones, larger than mice, which were carefully kept until the young ones grew to be as large as rats, and no longer sought refuge in the maternal pouch.—Being desirous of preserving the animal with some of the young ones peeping out of the pouch, they were immediately killed. In skinning the old one, we discovered that the whole of the pouch and teats were separated from the animal, and in a day or two would have dropped off, leaving the female Opossum as they are often observed, without a vestige of the pouch or false belly.—From these facts, we are unavoidable led to conclude, that the young do not of themselves, at first enter the pouch, nor are they introduced subsequent to birth by the parent, but they grow with the growth of the pouch, which is at last capable of containing nine or ten young ones as large as rats, and that the pouch is formed and thrown off, with every litter of young.

REMBRANDT PEALE.

\* This animal was prepared by MR. JAMES GRIFFITHS.

#### SELECTIONS.

*Of the spirit and conduct of East India adventurers.*—What is the reason, that men should concur to do in a body, what not one individual of them would even think of single? Because neither shame, nor fear of laws, restrain them. Hence I presume it to be, that men most unfeelingly act in the Indies, what in Europe they would shrink from with horror. An Englishman, a Dutchman, a Frenchman, a Spaniard, or a Portuguese, sets out to these regions, in order to make a fortune. When he hath crossed the Line, or perhaps before, he ceases to be any of these, or indeed of any country: in short, he ceases to be human. As Abbe Raynal says, "he is a domestic tiger, again let loose in the woods, and who is again seized with the thirst of blood. Such have all the Europeans been, when arrived at the regions of the new world; where they have been actuated with one common rage, the passion for

gold;" and, after being satiated with blood and gold, they come home in the shape of first-rate gentry, are received as humane, civilized, good kind of persons.

The following is an extract from the *Gazetteer*, dated "East India House, 13 May, 1784. The Court of Directors having received intelligence, that some boats with seapoys having been wrecked near Canonare, about two hundred of them were seized and detained by the Bibby, notwithstanding repeated applications made for their release, and the Canonare government being on all occasions inimical to the Company. General Macleod, in order to take satisfaction for those injuries, made a capture of the place; in the attack and reduction of which and its dependencies the Company's troops merited the warmest praises." Upon which, the day after, appeared this just and spirited comment: "The Court of Directors have now published, and we have it from authority, that the same system, which has so long disgraced us in the East, still continues to be followed. The Bibby, an independent princess, is to be plundered on a weak pretext, but really because she is wealthy, and because the rapacious invaders of her country may, by this single stroke, accumulate the fortunes of Nabobs, and return to their native country rich enough to evade its justice. This has been for a long time the system of the East; and, now that the Company has secured such an interest in the British House of Commons, the same (we are afraid) will be continued, till the English race are extirpated in the East."

Respecting this great and important object, I say nothing as a politician, or as a merchant; but as a man, and a friend of humanity, I say, that I wish we had no connections with the East Indies.—Behold a different spirit in the West, from what these adventurers have cultivated in the East; and how humanely it operates towards the lowest of our fellow-creatures, even African slaves: of which the following extract from the Epistle, at the yearly meeting of the Quakers, held in London 1784, presents a noble specimen.

"The Christian religion being designed to regulate and refine the natural affections of man, and to exalt benevolence into that charity, which promotes peace on earth, and goodwill towards all ranks and classes of mankind the world over—under the influence thereof, our minds have been renewedly affected in sympathy with the poor enslaved Africans; whom avarice hath taught some men, laying claim to the character of Christians, to consider as the refuse of the human race, and not entitled to the common privileges of mankind. The contempt in which they are held, and the remoteness of their sufferings from the notice of disinterested observers, have occasioned few advocates to plead their cause. The consid-

eration of their case being brought weightily before the last yearly meeting, friends were engaged to recommend endeavours for putting a stop to a traffic, so disgraceful to humanity, and so repugnant to the precepts of the gospel. The report of the measures adopted in execution thereof, hath afforded comfort and satisfaction to this meeting; and it hath been our concern to recommend to our friends, to whose care this business is committed, to persevere in all prudent exertions for attaining the desirable end. And is our earnest desire, that none under our name may weaken or counteract our endeavours by contributing in any way to the support of this iniquitous commerce."

This was a great and noble motion, and would have done honor to the best order of religious, that ever appeared on earth; and were the spirit, and temper, from which this motion originated, to be sincerely and universally cultivated, how much more perfect, would man become!

#### MARCO BOTZARI,

*The Achilles of the modern Greeks.*

MARCO BOTZARI was the son of the celebrated Kitzo Botzari, a member of one of the principal families of Sulei, and a head of his tribe during their long war with the late Ali Pacha. When this war was terminated, by the fall of Sulei into the hands of the Pacha, Kitzo Botzari retired to the Ionian Islands; but Marco, the subject of this notice, remained in Albania, with several other members of his family, and lived for some time in the most entire obscurity. During this period, no circumstances occurring to call forth any peculiar traits in his character, nothing was noted of him but that he was a young man of great personal courage, and with high notions of justice and honour. A trifling anecdote will here illustrate his views on the latter points. A particular friend of Marco's was playing at cards with two persons who were in the service of Ali Pacha, at the time the latter was at Prevesa; and this friend, in conjunction with one of the other players, had contrived to mark the cards, and thus make a certainty of winning the third. But Marco, who was present, and observed what had been done, openly noticed it; saying, "There is no victory, my friend, but that which is gained by fair skill and open courage."

It was at the time Ali Pacha was reduced to the last extremity, when besieged in Joannina, (in the latter end of the year 1820) that Marco Botzari first began to distinguish himself as a warlike leader of his countrymen, the Suliotes. At this epocha the Suliotes had leagued themselves with Ishmael Pacha, the successor of the deposed Ali, in the hope of recovering their country, which the latter had conquered from them. In this league, under the command



of his uncle Noto Botzari, chief head of the Suliote tribe, Marco led several bold and successful attacks against the troops of Ali—chasing them to the very gates of the fortress of Joannina. This league, however, was almost immediately broken, on the discovery that Ishmael Pacha,—jealous of the Suliotes once more gaining any head in Greece,—had actually employed a company of his Albanian troops to take the field in the rear of the little tribe of Sulei, for the purpose, if possible, of extirpating them altogether.

On the discovery of this perfidy, the Suliotes made common cause with Ali Pacha against the Turks; and in this league Marco displayed, from time to time, the most conspicuous military talents, and became the terror of all the Pachas, and of the Albanians. On one occasion in particular, with a little troop of about thirty followers alone, he succeeded in dislodging Hassan Pacha, of Negroponte, from the village of Strivina, in the plain of Arta. And on another occasion, with a very inferior force, he defeated and took prisoner a Bey of Gregaria, at the foot of some mountains near Joannina.

Again, when the town of Arta was occupied by the expedition consisting of mixed troops—Greeks and Mahomedan Albanians; who were acting for Ali Pacha, Marco, with a little troop of twenty-five men only, night after night attacked the fortified dwelling of Combotti, which is a place of great strength, and in which were posted the *Hasnadar* (treasurer) of Chourshid Pacha, and Soutzo Kersca, with two hundred men; and not a night passed that the enemy did not lose several men, either by the boldness and suddenness of his attacks, or by his dexterity in picking them out with his musket through the windows and other accessible points of the place. Twice, also, he set fire to the building; and had nearly succeeded in mining and blowing it up.

On the defection of the Mahomedan Albanians at Arta, which happened shortly after this, he retired with his own countrymen to the mountains of Sulei.

At the period now alluded to, the distinguished talents & reputation of Marco Botzari had acquired for him the particular notice of Prince Mavrocordato, and the uses to which he applied the influence which these gave him, immediately cemented a friendship between the two leaders; and at the time that the general rising of the Greeks against their Turkish oppressors took place, Marco was the first to submit himself to the regular government that was formed, and to use his almost resistless influence with his countrymen to induce them to follow his example. When it is considered that Marco was (unlike his brother Constantine) an entirely uneducated man; in the flower and heat of youth; at the summit of a well-earned fame; and with unbounded influence

over the sentiments and conduct of his countrymen; his thus laying aside all personal and ambitious views, and submitting himself wholly and unconditionally to a newly-formed government,—seeking and desiring to hold no higher station in it than that of an humble agent, in fulfilling its plans for achieving the liberties of his country,—evinces a self-devotion and simplicity of character rarely to be met with even under circumstances which might seem more likely to call it forth.

When Sulei was invested by a formidable Turkish force, and every avenue of entrance or escape was shut up, Marco, who was there, contrived with a very few of his countrymen, to effect a passage through the Turkish camp, and to reach Messolongio; where after having collected more troops, he took up a position at Plaka, and the memorable battle fought on that spot again testified his extraordinary skill, valour, and devotion. He fought sword in hand for a great length of time against a party of Mahomedan Albanians; when, after having killed several of their officers, and been himself severely wounded, he lost his horse and baggage, and was again compelled to retire to Messolongio.

When the Suliotes afterwards made terms with their besiegers, he was at Messolongio; and though, aware of the critical situation in which they were placed, he did not disapprove of their resolution to submit themselves conditionally to their enemies, yet he refused to follow their example and retire with them, as he might have done with honour, but resolved to remain with Prince Mavrocordato, conscious that if he had left him, he would have lost that most efficient support which he derived from the *opinions* of his fellow-countrymen as to the state of their cause, and that the edifice of liberty, which seemed to be just rising from its foundation, cemented by the blood of his fellow-soldiers, would again fall to pieces and go to naught. He therefore sent away his family to Ancona, to avoid the importunities which they were urging upon him, and linked himself, for better or worse, to the fortunes of Mavrocordato and his suffering country.

The most successful, distinguished, and important epoch of Marco's exploits was that which included the siege and storming of Messolongio by the Turks. At this period, when the town was invested on all sides by a Turkish army of fifteen thousand men, he still kept possession of the weak outskirts (for they do not deserve the name of fortifications) in company with his friend Mavrocordato, and with a body of no more than three hundred men—both of them determining to perish in the ruins of the town, rather than willingly abandon it. And it may, perhaps, be attributed to this determination, that the cause of Greece at present bears an aspect of hope instead of despair. In

this campaign, with the aid of some slight reinforcements, they occasioned the Turks a loss of three thousand men, and finally saved the town. This latter event was effected purely by a piece of personal valour and conduct on the part of Marco Botzari. The Turkish troops had assaulted Messolongio, and actually gained possession of the outposts of the town,—overpowering for a time the chief body of troops under the command of Botzari, and compelling them to retire to the shore and endeavour to escape in their boats, &c. Marco was compelled to follow them in this extremity; but he determined to make one gallant effort to rally them, which entirely succeeded. While they were retiring precipitately, he rushed in among them, flourishing his sword and shouting *Hurras!* and gave them to believe that their fellows had repulsed the Turks, and that they were flinging themselves from the walls into the ditch. His troops rallied at these sounds; he again placed himself at their head and led them unexpectedly on the enemy, and the place was finally abandoned by the Turks, leaving behind them an immense booty in artillery, ammunition, and baggage of great value.

Botzari was in no instance known to avail himself even of the fair spoils that were taken from the enemy, but suffered them all to be divided among his men, with whom, however, he invariably shared all the dangers and hardships of the campaign, being neither armed, attired, or fed in any way different from them. It is also well known, that he has in many cases refused large bribes offered him by the enemy, if he would retire into the Ionian Islands. Once, in particular, at Messolongio, five hundred purses\* were offered to him if he would quit the place. The person from whose lips these notices of his life are collected, was informed of the above through an unquestionable channel.

But the most prominent and striking illustration that can be offered of the pure patriotism that actuated Botzari in all his views, is perhaps to be found in the following fact:—the father of Marco (Kitzo Botzari) was extremely obnoxious to Ali Pacha, on account of his being one of the heads of the Suliote tribes, against which Ali had so long made war. It was mentioned, in the commencement of this paper, that, on the fall of Sulei into the hands of Ali, Kitzo Botzari retired into the Ionian Islands.—Shortly after this period, Ali made several underhand attempts on the life of Kitzo, one of which at last succeeded. Having occasion to leave the islands, and come to Arta, he was there privately shot by an agent of Ali. At the time the Greeks first rose on their oppressors, this agent in the death of

\* A purse is 500 Turkish piastres, or about 10*l.* sterling.

Marco's father, (one Captain Gogo, of Tzummeska) was considered as an important aid to the cause, but he was reluctant to come forward in conjunction with Marco, knowing that the latter was aware of the part he had taken (by the order of Ali) in the death of his father. But Marco voluntarily sought an interview with this person, in which he assured him that this was an epoch at which he had thought it necessary to dismiss from his breast all passions but the love of country; and he urged him to do the same; adding, "It was not you who killed my father, it was Ali." And he actually endeavoured to bring about a marriage between some branches of their respective families, in order to strengthen the bond of union which he wished to exist between them on this occasion.

Only one more anecdote will be added, in illustration of the personal coolness and intrepidity of this distinguished chieftain. The relater of the foregoing was one day dining at the head-quarters of Marco's uncle, at Arta, and after dinner he was walking alone in the town with Marco, when several balls from the Turkish batteries fell at a very short distance from them. While the relater (who is no soldier) was endeavouring to conceal his sense of the danger that seemed to surround them, Marco observed laughingly, and pointing to the balls, "You see, these are the only kind of apples the Turks would send us for our desert."

Marco Botzari was, at the period of his death, not more than thirty or thirty-one years of age, stout, and of low stature, with extremely fine bright black eyes, dark complexion, and a countenance altogether highly animated and expressive. His arms consisted of a musket, a sabre, and a Turkish knife, and one small pistol of extremely inferior quality.

*Of civilised and barbarous nations.*—Much of the European cruelty, perhaps the greater part, which, to the disgrace of human nature, hath been practised in the East and West Indies, originated doubtless from the *auri sacra fames*, the accursed passion for gold: but much, I am persuaded, proceeded also from men's having considered the natives of those distant countries, as barbarians, savages, and greatly below the standard of our humanity. This hath been a fatal error; and I call it an error, because, from all the information I have been able to acquire, the inhabitants of Europe, (of Britain, I will say) whether regard be had to either *knowledge* or *manners*, may be deemed as much barbarians and savages, as those of any other country in the world. And for this I shall not instance from the coasts, where the Christian people of good old England consider the distresses of seamen and the plunder of a wreck as a *blessing*, and, says Fielding,

*blasphemously* call it such; but will refer to the inland and nearly central parts, where civilization and knowledge may be supposed to prevail the most.

I have spent some years myself in a village of about two hundred families, consisting of farmers, manufacturers and labouring men; and which hath a parson, a free-school, and the usual ways and means of civilizing and cultivating human nature.—Meeting one day a farmer, an intelligent skilful man in his way, and observing him as it were superstitiously attentive to a very small sprig of elder, I accosted him upon the subject. "Perhaps, Sir," says *Russ*, "I can now tell you something, that may hereafter be of use to you. Sir, I have ridden these thirty years about six miles to market, yet never without blistering myself, and *losing leather*, as the saying is; but Sir, since I have put this bit of elder in my breeches-pocket, to which I was advised by my neighbour P—, and which with God's leave I will never go without, far from being blistered, I have not been even chafed or heated." Upon my smiling, as if I did not conceive how this could be—"Sir," says he, "perhaps you may not believe another thing. John H's pig got lamed the other day: and how do you think he cured him? By nothing in the universal world but only boring a little hole in his year, and putting in a small peg about as big as my elder." I told him, that these things were perfectly above my comprehension; and endeavoured to shew him, in language he understood, that there could be no connexion between the cause and effect in either case. He was much disconcerted with my spirit of unbelief; and seemed to think me a person whom nothing could convince.

A farmer of decent sense and property, about sixty years of age, applied lately to his priest, and told him, that he had for some time past laboured under much uneasiness of mind; that he believed himself a good sort of man enough, but was subject to *make outings* (as he said) at times, when he found it difficult to get home again; and, that he should be obliged for some instructions, which might help to preserve him from these unfortunate contingencies. The priest, as a wise and good man, exhorted him to compose his mind to an even steady habit, to have always some object or employment in view, to read good books, to frequent public worship, and to practise private. The farmer took his leave, seemingly comforted; but, returning after a few weeks, informed the priest, that he had carefully observed all his directions, yet *did not find himself a jot the better*.—Another, just dead, in his 84th year, who had raised his assets from nothing to above 3000*l.* desired the Holy Sacrament in his last illness: and, as soon as he had received it, declared to his parson,

that indeed he had never taken it in all his life-time before, but thought it had *done him good; for he felt himself better*.

These few specimens may serve to shew the superiority of knowledge in us enlightened civilized people, to that of Hottentots and other Barbarians. How stands the comparison with regard to manners? Do the former equally transcend the latter in manners also?—An ancient writer, who lived when the Romans were the most polite and knowing, clearly gives the preference to those they called barbarians, in point of manners. He is speaking of the Scythians; and, after describing their way of life, observes, that "justice was cultivated and preserved among them, not by laws, but by the spirit and temper of the people; that they held no crime more atrocious than theft; that they had not the same passion for gold and silver with other nations; and that a moderation, contentedness, and sobriety of manners, laid them under no temptation of invading what was not their own. And I wish," says the historian, "that the rest of the world possessed the same spirit of moderation, the same justice in abstaining from what belongs to others: arms would not then commit the ravages they do; nor mankind perish more by the sword than from the natural lot of mortality. And it may seem altogether wonderful, that nature grants to savages, what the Greeks cannot attain with all their refinement and parade of philosophy; and that civilized and polished manners are exceeded by those of uncultivated barbarism. So much more advantageous to the one is an ignorance of what is wrong, than to the other a knowledge of what is right.

Modern observers have given the same accounts of those we call Barbarians and Savages. Strahlenberg, a Swedish officer, and captive at the battle of Pultowa in 1709, spent about thirteen years in Russia, Siberia, and Great Tartary; and wrote in High German a curious description of those parts. He divides the Religionists of Russia into Christian, Mahometan, and Pagan; and observes of the last, that whatever pains the Russian Clergy have taken to convert them, has hitherto been to no purpose, because they live dispersed in the woods, and are seldom long in one place. "But," says he, "stupid and ignorant as these Pagans are, yet they are naturally honest and good moral people, who hardly know what perjury, thieving, fornication, drunkenness, tricking and other such vices are: and it is very rare to find any of them charged with the like, except those who live among the Russian Christians, and learn these vices of them." So a sensible writer of our own tells us, that he had "met with people as polite, ingenious, and humane, whom we have been taught to look upon as Cannibals, as any he ever con-



versed with in Europe; and I am convinced," says he, "from my own experience, that human nature is every where the same, allowances being made for unavoidable prejudices, instilled in infancy by ignorance and superstition. And nothing has contributed more to render the world barbarous, than men's having been taught from their cradles, that every nation almost but their own are Barbarians: they first imagine the people of distant nations to be monsters of cruelty and barbarity, and then prepare to invade and extirpate them; exercising greater cruelties, than such nations were charged with. This was exactly the case of the *Spaniards* and the natives of *America*:" and would to Heaven the case could suit no other people and country!

#### LITERARY AND SCIENTIFICK NOTICES.

WASHINGTON IRVING is said to be engaged on several important literary works. He is now residing at Paris. An edition of *Salmagundi* has lately been published at London.

CHANCELLOR KENT, of New York, is delivering a course of law lectures in Columbia College, (N. Y.)

Calcutta, May 10.—Capt. McDonnell has brought from Siam, a valuable and rare collection of curiosities, and a number of sacred and other Siamese books, which, we trust, may throw a light on the history of a nation so little known to Europeans; and we look forward with impatience to the period when the literary world shall be gratified by their translation.

Mechanics.—A machine to be worked without horses, is building by Mr. Rogers, watch-maker of Plymouth, England, under the direction of M. Chabert, to travel to London in three hours less than the mail.

Safety Lamp.—Mr. John Rostrick of Morpeth, civil engineer, has invented a safety lamp for coal mines, which he considers superior in safety to the Davy.

Geographical Garden.—Mr. Ira Hill has petitioned Congress to aid him in forming near the Capitol, a *geographical garden*, in which "all the known parts of the world shall be accurately delineated. The beds of Oceans, Seas, Gulfs, Bays and Lakes shall be depressed, and the Continents, Peninsulas, and Isthmuses, Mountains, Islands, &c. shall be raised in proportion to their respective elevations on this terraqueous sphere.

The beds of the Oceans, &c. shall be covered with gavel, and the lands shall be adorned with verdure; and the mountains may rest on the same kind of stone as compose them in their natural states.

The channels of rivers shall be described as in their natural courses, and lowered in proportion to the height of their respective banks."

#### SUMMARY.

A conspiracy has lately been discovered in the Island of Martinique, organized by the free mulattoes whose intention was to have massacred all the whites. It is believed that they held intercourse with President Boyer of St. Domingo, and also with the blacks in some of the neighbouring Islands. Thirty or forty of the ringleaders, had been apprehended, some of them were banished, and it was expected that some would be executed.

THE Emperor of Brazil has prohibited the importation of the produce and manufactures of Portugal, until the acknowledgment of the independence of Brazil by that Nation.

THE nett proceeds of the Military ball for the benefit of the Greeks in New York amounted to \$2010 45.

THE amount of auction duties in the City of New York for the last year was \$207,469, 09.

MUCH damage was done in New York by a severe gale on the 11th Inst.

THE Steam boat General Green has been sunk in the Cumberland river a few miles below Nashville.

SALT water in abundance and of a quality equal to that of any spring in the country, has been found in Susquehannah (Penn.) by a gentleman who has been engaged in boring for that purpose.

A Mr. Denton in boring for salt water in the salt wells on the Calf Killer river, near Sparta (Ten.) suddenly struck upon a vein of sulphureous Gas, which, in ascending, found another vent through a rock in the bed of the river, forcing a passage through the surrounding waters, which boiled with considerable violence round the place of its escape. A torch was then cautiously applied, which quickly communicated to the Gas, and a blaze inconceivably grand burst upwards to the height of nearly 40 feet, apparently from the very bed of the river. The clouds above the blaze exhibited a mixture of colors beautiful beyond description, and a ruddy dismal light, gave to various objects the hues of green and red, yellow and blue.

Cincinnati, Feb. 19, 1824.

MR. EDITOR:—

In looking over your paper of last week, I noticed under the head of Mathematics, several solutions; but they were so mysteriously wrapt up in *x's*, *y's* &c. and it being a language I did not understand, it excited my curiosity to see the questions, when I found them to be so exceedingly plain and easy, that even a "common arithmetician" like myself, could solve them. I therefore wrought out the following, (which I consider to be the most difficult,) if any of

them can be called difficult,) solution to question 5th, by inserting which you will oblige

Yours, &c.

A. B. C. and

not X. Y. Z.

Solution to Problem 5th.—We find the dimensions of the greatest possible cylinder contained in the whole cone to be, (allowing it but at one third of the altitude)  $2 =$  the height and the diameter  $3.3333 +$  of which the solid content is  $17.4531413 +$ . Then supposing this cylinder to be immersed in the whole cone when full of water, till it forces out a quantity equal to the solidity of the cylinder, then take out the cylinder, and say as the content of the water remaining in the whole cone is to the cube of the height of the whole cone, so is the content of the water in the  $\frac{1}{3}$  cone to the cube of its whole height, for the water will rise to the additional height of the cylinder when it is immersed, viz:

Content of water. Cube. Water in  $\frac{1}{3}$  cone.

$21.816 \div 216 = 4.90375$ . to 48.581, extract the cube root, and it will be the height of the water when the cylinder is immersed, viz: 3.65 nearly therefore the height of the proposed cylinder must equal  $\frac{1}{3}$  this altitude  $= 1.22$  nearly.

#### PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

Cincinnati Theatre.—This evening, (for the benefit of Messrs. Row and Eberle,) will be presented, INKLE & YARICO, and a new Pantomime called the BRAVE SOLDIER, with other entertainments.

Western Museum.—This evening Mr. Dorfeuille will lecture on the 7th order of birds, (GRALLÆ) or WADERS; after which, the NITROUS OXIDE will be administered.

MR. MATTHEWS' lecture mentioned in our last, will be repeated on Tuesday evening next, with some additional illustrations.

THE COMMITTEE appointed by the Meeting assembled at the Vine Street Church on Saturday evening last, to see what might suitably be done towards patronizing Capt. Symmes in his designs in relation to exploring the polar regions, will agreeable to appointment, meet to make their report at the Vine Street Church, this evening at half past 7 o'clock.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M's piece is received. The poetical article he wishes published, will probably appear in our next. We should be glad of a personal interview.

Mathematical problems in our next.

The date and signature to the poetical article entitled "William the Brave," in our last, were omitted by mistake of the printer. They were "Louisville 1820. J. G. D."

The address delivered at the Theatre in this City, on the evening of the performance for the benefit of the Greeks, will appear in our next.

## POETRY.

FOR THE LITERARY GAZETTE.  
THE AGE OF MAGAZINES.

## A NEW SONG.

*This is the Age of Magazines  
Ev'n skeptics must confess it:  
Where is the town of much renown  
That has not one to bless it?*

Edina first uprears her crest  
The highest and the boldest;  
And her Review is doubtless best,  
Since it is much the oldest.  
'Tis true, puffed up by self-conceit,  
Or with applause grown frantic,  
It cracks its jokes on decent folks  
On this side the Atlantic.

*This is the Age, &c.*

Less full of learning, pride, and years,  
But more jocose and witty,  
Its brother Blackwood next appears  
Brim full of ode and ditty;  
Lifts every Tory to the skies,  
And knocks each Whig down freely,  
And deigns to toast and make a boast  
Of treating us genteelly.

*This is the Age, &c.*

The Quarterly, save by a few,  
Is not excelled in Britain,  
Since there each author may review  
And puff what he has written.  
It aye stands by the ministry,  
Though oft in truth's defiance;  
As oft comes out with jibes about  
Our letters, taste, and science.

*This is the Age, &c.*

'Bout European politicks  
The Monthly makes less racket;  
Has fewer low malignant tricks,  
And better men to back it.  
While Campbell, the accomplished bard,  
Who condescends to head it,  
Makes little fuss, nor quizzes us—  
For which we give him credit.

*This is the Age, &c.*

These are but few of what go forth  
From Johnny Bull's dominions,  
And fly abroad o'er all the earth  
On more than eagle-pinions.  
They often bore us hard, 'tis true,  
But then we scorn to heed 'em;  
The more they frown, or laugh us down,  
The more we buy and read 'em.

*This is the Age, &c.*

Ev'n here in Freedom's chosen land,  
Where God knows they are wanted,  
They rise up like the warrior-band  
Where dragons' teeth were planted:  
And in its smooth Prospectus each  
Says things extremely clever,  
Nor shows a doubt of holding out  
For ages or forever.

*This is the Age, &c.*

For now each dull poetic dunce,  
Who thinks his fame eternal  
Because he wrote a sonnet once,  
Must start a Monthly Journal:  
Or if he e'er a novel wrote,  
And bought a name thus dearly,  
Why he has worth, and may send forth  
A Number Quarto-Yearly.

*This is the Age, &c.*

Long the Port Folio's classic page  
Our taste has been supplying;  
But now the work grows gray with age,  
And shows strong signs of dying.  
Meanwhile the North American  
Fresh vigour is receiving,  
And clearly shows to friends and foes  
Substantial signs of living.

*This is the Age, &c.*

Museums--Mirrors--Monthlys--strike  
Our view in crowds and dozens;  
And so much do they look alike,  
We see they all are cousins.  
Their phizzes seem so thin and wan,  
So hopeless their conditions,  
They all must go to shades below  
In spite of the physicians.

*This is the Age, &c.*

Nay, Mr. Foote, your own Gazette  
(To save which I endeavour)  
Although beloved and prosperous yet,  
Will hardly live forever.  
Oh! then record their names at least,  
(If yours die not before 'em)  
Ere yet they sink from Lethe's brink,  
And her dull waves meet o'er 'em.

*This is the Age of Magazines--  
Ev'n skeptics must confess it:  
Where is the town of much renown  
That has not one to bless it?*

P.

FOR THE LITERARY GAZETTE.  
No. IV.

But to resume, for it will never do  
To wander thus, or else I fear my story  
Will seem as long before I half get through  
And be as tedious as the "Whig and Tory"  
"Tale"—in the Gazette (I hope but few  
More Chapters are behind, for it's a bore we  
Can not stand much longer Mr. Powers;  
It may suit your taste, but it does not ours.)

Well let's return, for I have not got time  
To leave my narrative and make digressions,  
Or I shall shortly run a shore of rhyme,  
And I must husband the few more expressions  
That ring together;—every other line  
Should sound some what alike, or else it lessens  
Materially, the beauty of the piece  
And makes it read prosaick—lame at least.

Well then, I said (or else I should have said)  
We left the "crowded haunts of busy men"  
About the first of March; and as we spread  
Our canvas to the breeze, my feelings then  
Were rather solemn—for the world was dead,  
At least to us—we felt as men feel when

They leave the earth, and trust the treache-  
rous waves,  
That bears them to their homes or to their  
graves.

The sight to me was novel and sublime,  
Before us rolled the vast and boundless ocean;  
I would have moralized—but had not time  
For that infernal, horrid, pitching motion  
A vessel always has, will more incline  
A man to vomit than reflect; (my notion  
About the matter is, that you will be sick  
Enough of sentiment, when you are sea sick.)

The wind blew sweetly and the sun shone out,  
All nature smiled and we went on quite gaily,  
The ship made rapid progress in her route,  
And knocked a hundred miles or two off daily;  
We calculated we would be about  
Cape Hatteras in twenty four hours sail—the  
Wind however soon began to haul  
Round to the north, and blew a dreadful squall.

And then came on the storm—the ocean roar'd so  
And dashed around us—and our canvas tore so  
At every blast—the rain in torrents pour'd so  
You scarce could stand—and then our Captain  
swore so  
(I have been scared before—but never more so  
Than I was then)—I know no scene that lowers so  
Much a man in his own estimation  
As to behold the deep around him raging.

It is sublime, terrific, thus to see  
The God of nature riding on the blast;  
Proud man then feels his own mortality,  
And puts up the reluctant prayer at last:  
He then can bend the stiff and stubborn knee  
And when all hope of earthly aid is past  
He turns to him who with one word can make  
The troubled ocean, peaceful as the lake.

CHARLEY RAMBLE.

## SELECTED.

SONNET.  
THE INFANT.

I saw an infant—health and joy and light  
Bloom'd on it's cheek, and sparkled in its eye;  
And its fond mother stood delighted by  
To see its morn of being dawn so bright,  
Again I saw it when the withering blight  
Of pale disease had fallen, moaning lie  
On that sad mother's breast—stern Death was  
nigh,  
And life's young wings were fluttering for their  
flight.  
Last I beheld it stretched upon the bier,  
Like a fair flower untimely snatched away,  
Calm and unconscious of its mother's tear,  
Which on its placid cheek unheeded lay—  
But on its lip the unearthly smile express'd,  
"Oh happy child untried and early bless'd."

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